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SIX DOLLARS









I guess that I was just absolutely "head-over-heels" over Bill ever since the first time I ever saw him. We were roommates in College and I thought he was just about the sexiest guy I'd ever seen. I had a hell of a time controlling myself. I was scared shitless to approach him. To be really blunt, I wanted to suck his big dick. Every time he got undressed to go to the shower or go to bed, I thought I'd lose my mind or my control.

To make matters worse, he was always talking about screwing some girl. He'd describe every detail about how he'd slipped his dick into this cunt and how she'd gone ape over his dick.

He'd sit there and I could tell he had a hard on by the way his pants would swell every time he'd talk about screwing cunt.

Some days while he was out of the room I'd dig through his dirty clothes and get a pair of his dirty jockey shorts out and smell them, I'd get so hot thinking about his dick and smelling his fragrant undershorts that I'd have to jack off. Although, it didn't take anymore than just my touching my dick to get my rocks off I'd get so hot. There were times I could tell he had used his shorts to wipe his cum off his dick because they'd be kind of yellow and stiff. I got to where I'd jack off into his shorts thinking about my cum mingling with his.

I didn't think I was being too obvious about the way I felt about him but I guess that he was getting the idea. I used to massage his back and all. He'd just lay there letting me rub his skin and telling me about how horny he was. I actually came in my pants one time while I was sitting on his ass rubbing his back. He was telling about cramming his hard dick into this queer's throat and how good it felt. I had a really hard time keeping my back to him until I discarded my spotted pants. He was just about to drive me up the fucking wall.

I didn't think too much about it the evening that he came into the room and plopped down on his bed. I was trying to study, but as usual, with him in the room I couldn't concentrate so I gave up and turned around and looked at him.

He started telling me how horny he

was. I could see that he had a roaring hard on because his pants were standing out. He looked down and said, "Would you just look at all that hard meat just going to waste."

I weakly said, "It's the way it goes sometimes."

He just sort of ignored my remark and said, "I'm so hot I'm about to cum in my pants. All you'd have to do is breathe on it and it'd shoot."

I was trying to remain calm, so I said, "Maybe you should take a cold shower."

"Shit no," he said, "I don't want to waste this feeling. There's somebody that will really appreciate this hard dick and the load of cum I've got stored up here."

"Why don't you go out and fuck some cunt," I said.



"No, I feel like gettin' blown tonight. All the girls around here want to do is get fucked. Shit, I may just jack off rather than fool with that sloppy cunt tonight."

With that he ran his hand down the front of his pants right over his dick. The hard prick sort of jumped from the attention. "Would you look at that," he said, "it's got a mind of its own."

I thought I'd faint when he unzipped his pants. His dick was straining up through the soft cotton of his underwear. There was a spot of moisture where his cock was leaking pre-seminal fluid. He pushed his dick up and made kind of a tent out of his shorts. "How long do you think it is?" he asked me.

"Oh, I don't know. I'd never thought about it," I lied.

"It's 9½ inches," he said proudly. "I had a guy measure it once. Yes, I use to let him suck my dick. Shit, I don't care. I thought it felt great and if that's a guy's bag... well, I'm always happy to let somebody suck my dick." He looked at me sort of strangely and then said, "You ever suck a guy's dick?"

I thought I was gonna die. "Shit no," I said trying to sound outraged.

It was like he hadn't ever heard me. He just continued talking. "Yeah, this guy that use to suck my dick said that I had the best dick he'd ever sucked. Said my load was sweeter than wine. Yes, sir, said I was USDA Choice meat."

I was trying to ignore his remarks because I was afraid I'd lose control. But I must have let out an audible gasp when he pulled his shorts down and revealed his naked dick.

It looked gigantic and fantastic. There was a drop of fluid that formed on the end as he pulled the skin of the shaft up and down. Then he started taking his clothes off. He wasn't saying anything, just undressing. The silence was really making me edgy. Shortly, he was standing there nude with his hard dick standing out from his body at a slight angle. I guess it was too big to stand up close to his body.

Still trying to act nonchalant I said, "You gonna take that cold shower?"

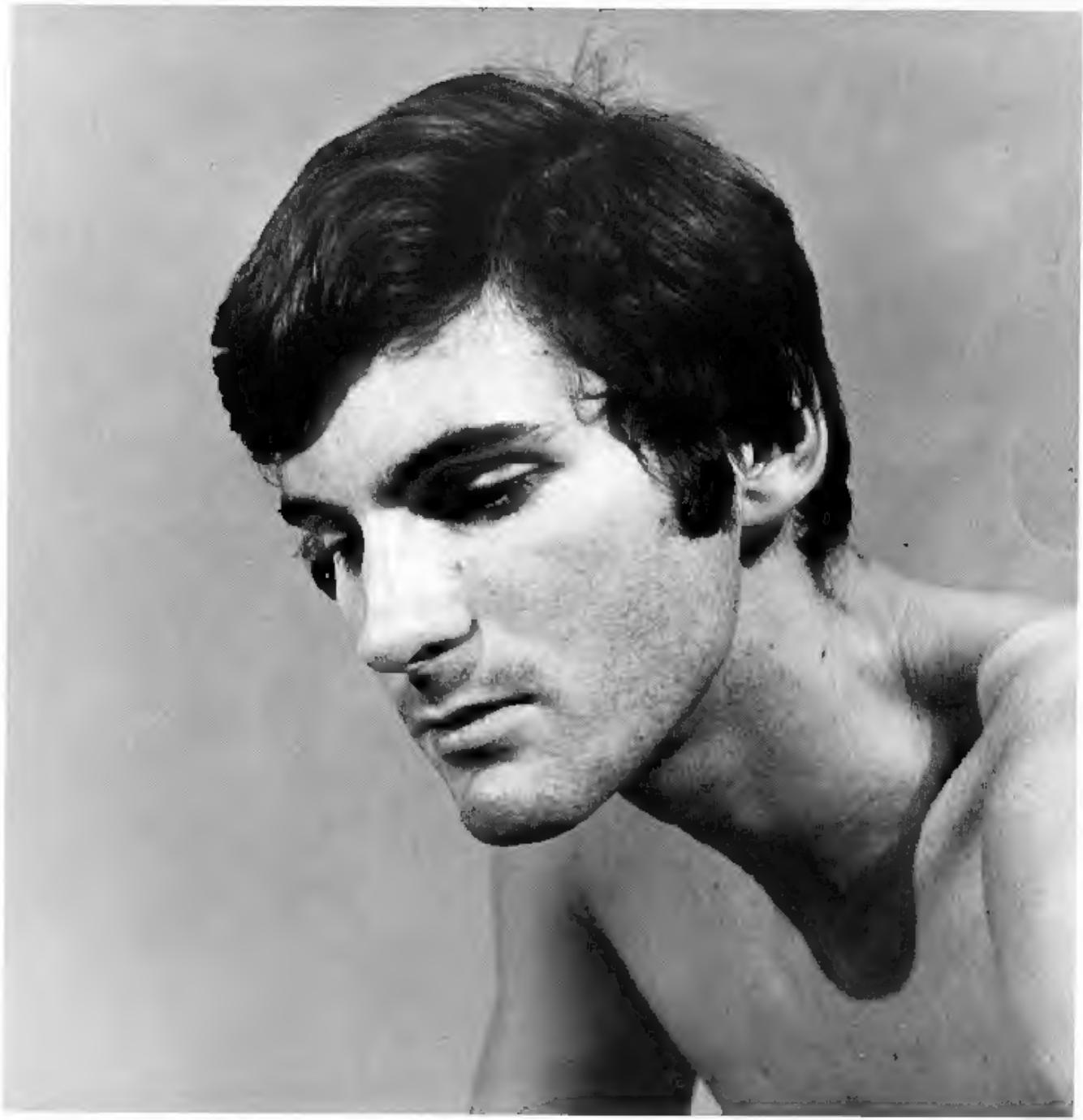
"No," he said, "I'm gonna jack off. I hope you don't mind."

"Uh, no I don't mind," I said.

He stood up and started running his hand up and down the shaft. I couldn't help but staring. The room was so narrow that he was nearly standing in my face. I watched as if in a trance as his hand moved rhythmically up and down the rigid shaft. The swollen head was shining from the pre-seminal fluid that he was smearing over the head. I hardly noticed it as he kept moving slowly closer and closer to me. Before I knew it his swaying hard dick was right in front of my face. I felt his hand behind my head pulling my head closer to his dick.

"Go ahead and eat it. I know you want to," I heard him saying.







I wish to hell I could get that evening out of my mind, and yet, I keep thinking about it and getting a fuckin' hard-on every damn time.

In a big way it was Nancy's fault, that's my wife. I'd gotten home from work and I was really horny. I had been workin' up all evening to plow into her, but as luck would have it she just wouldn't put out. I got so damn frustrated I thought I was gonna blow my cork. I was really one hard up bastard. I had started to jack-off just to get some relief, but naturally she walked in on me in the bathroom and started giving me hell and quoting Bible scriptures and such. She is really one religious nut.

That was the last straw, I didn't say a word, I just started gettin dressed and left her standing there in her rollers crying about my immortal soul. I was determined that I was gonna go find me some pussy and just fuck the shit out of some broad that would really appreciate it.

I drove down town and as luck would have it there wasn't a chick to be seen, I mean there wasn't any pussy to be found anywhere. It was too late to go to a bar and I knew that I couldn't afford to go to a hotel and hire a whore there. I had left in such a hurry I'd left my wallet at home. God I was pissed. I saw this blond guy hitch-hiking and I figured it wouldn't hurt to have someone to talk to so I picked him up.

First thing I knew I was going on about my old lady and how she wouldn't put out. He agreed that women could really be a problem some time. I told him I'd like to just get wiped out drunk or stoned, but I'd left my money at home. He said he'd had a rough day to and if I'd like we could go to his apartment and he had some booze and some grass. Well, I'll tell you that really sounded like a good idea at the time. He was just about my age and real easy to talk to and I sure felt that I could use some good talk.

He lived in this garage apartment. Sort of a one room affair with a couple of charls and a big double bed all in one room. As soon as we got there he broke out a bottle of scotch and we started drinking. Then he pulled out his grass supply and we

started smoking. It wasn't long until I was really getting wiped out. He put on some really good rock music and then we laid down on his bed and just listened to music and talked. It was really great, just laying there talking. We just kept getting more and more stoned and drunk. Shit, I hardly knew what I was doing.

I told him that I thought I'd better get going if I was gonna still be able to drive. But he said he didn't see any reason why I shouldn't stay there and he pointed out I was really too far gone to drive anyway. Well, I had to admit, he had a point there. He said if I didn't mind sleeping in the same bed I could just get some sleep right there and let the old lady eat her heart out. That sound-



ed like a really good idea at the time.

I had to admit that I wasn't in any shape to drive and besides I wanted Nancy to worry plenty to teach her a lesson. He started stripping down and said he hoped I didn't mind the way he slept, but he always slept nude. Well, shit, I didn't see anything wrong with that. That's the way we slept in the Navy, which is what I told him.

Shit, I don't know. Maybe I wanted what happened to happen, because I decided to sleep nude to. We started stripping down and I couldn't help but notice that he had a real nice body. In fact he reminded me a lot of this pal I had in the Navy.

Well, we got under the

covers and we were still listening to music. I was really feeling great. I was beginning to forget about my fuckin' wife and how unreasonable she was. And I was beginning to feel really horny again. But I figured that I couldn't just jack off there in the same bed with another guy! So we both got real quiet and all. I thought he was asleep, because his breathing had gotten real even. Well, I was trying to get comfortable. I rolled over and wouldn't you know that I rolled my hard dick right into this guy's hand. It excited me for some reason and I figured he was asleep, so I decided to stay like that. I figured that I would wait until he was really sound asleep and then I'd just have to jack off. He started moaning and all like he was rolling around in his sleep, so I just layed still. I sure as hell didn't want to wake him up with my hard dick in his hand.

Well, first thing I knew he was all curled up so that his head was down close to my crotch. I could feel his hot breath on my hard dick. It was making me so hot I just couldn't stand it. I don't think I'd have ever done anything except I was so stoned and drunk, but first thing I knew I moved my body so that it was really close to his mouth. Shit, it was makin' me hot. I had heard from a lot of guys in the service that went out and got blow jobs, and they said they were really something. I had my dick so close to his mouth that I could feel his lips brush the head as he breathed.

All of a sudden he started licking the head of my dick. Shit, I thought for a minute I was gonna cum all over his face. I knew I should have moved, but for some reason I just couldn't. First thing I knew he was kind of sucking on the head, just like a fuckin' baby on a nipple. I could feel my dick being swallowed into his mouth. Shit, it felt like a furnace. It didn't feel anything like my wife's cunt, but really different. I started to make little fucking motions, nothing extreme, because I was afraid he'd wake up. Shit, I didn't intend to cum in his mouth. I was just gonna let it get good and hot and then jack off. I figured this guy would never know the difference. But I was beginning to lose control.







I slowly moved my dick up into his mouth until I couldn't push it any further. I felt around my dick and god damn if I didn't have it all the way in. His lips were rubbing at the hair around my balls. I started pulling out and god it felt great. I don't think I've ever been more excited. Shit I started fucking in and out of his mouth. The more I did it, the better it felt. It was just fuckin' too late when I felt my balls begin to tense up. Shit, I knew I was gonna cum. I couldn't stop it. It was like a bolt of lightning had hit me. I couldn't move - couldn't stop it. I knew that I should pull my dick out of his mouth, but I just couldn't stop. It felt so damn good I was crazy. Just flat crazy with desire from wanting to cum. I could feel the cum moving up my shaft from my balls. I was thinking, this poor sleeping son-of-a-bitch is gonna get drowned and he's gonna be really pissed off. But I couldn't help it. I felt the load part the lips of the head of my dick. My whole body started shaking and quivering. I could feel load after load of cum leave my dick. God damn I was really in a strain - wanted to scream, but I couldn't chance waking the guy up. I could only hope he'd dream he was eatin' pussy and sleep through it. Shit, I knew it was a long shot, but just bit the pillow and shot load after load of steaming cum into his mouth.

I could feel him swallowing. Each time he swallowed, it made his mouth tighten on my prick and sent another load of cum into his mouth. Finally the stream stopped. I was paralyzed. I felt like running out the door and never facing the guy again but he had his arms wrapped around my waist. I hadn't even noticed I'd been so damn hot. I figured I could just stay there and be able to move his arms so that I could leave.

God damn if I didn't start getting hard again. I probably had only laid there about fifteen minutes, but goddamn, it was all happening again. I was gettin' goddamn hot. I couldn't let it all happen again, so I pulled myself away. I decided I would just have to jack off again.

Suddenly I heard his voice. It about shocked the shit out of me. I could have died. He said, "What's wrong?"

I stammered, "Nothing. I just felt restless." I couldn't tell him I'd just shot a load of cum into his mouth.

He just snorted and said, "I guess you do."

Defensively, I said, "What do you mean by that?"
"Only that you are one hot stud."

I knew that I was caught, so I said, "Look, I didn't mean to do what I did. I lost my head and I figured you were asleep and what you didn't know wouldn't hurt you. God, I'm sorry, maybe I can make it up to you."

He sounded puzzled when he said, "What did you say?"

I said, "I didn't mean to and I'll make it up to you."

It puzzled me when he chuckled and said, "Maybe you can at that."











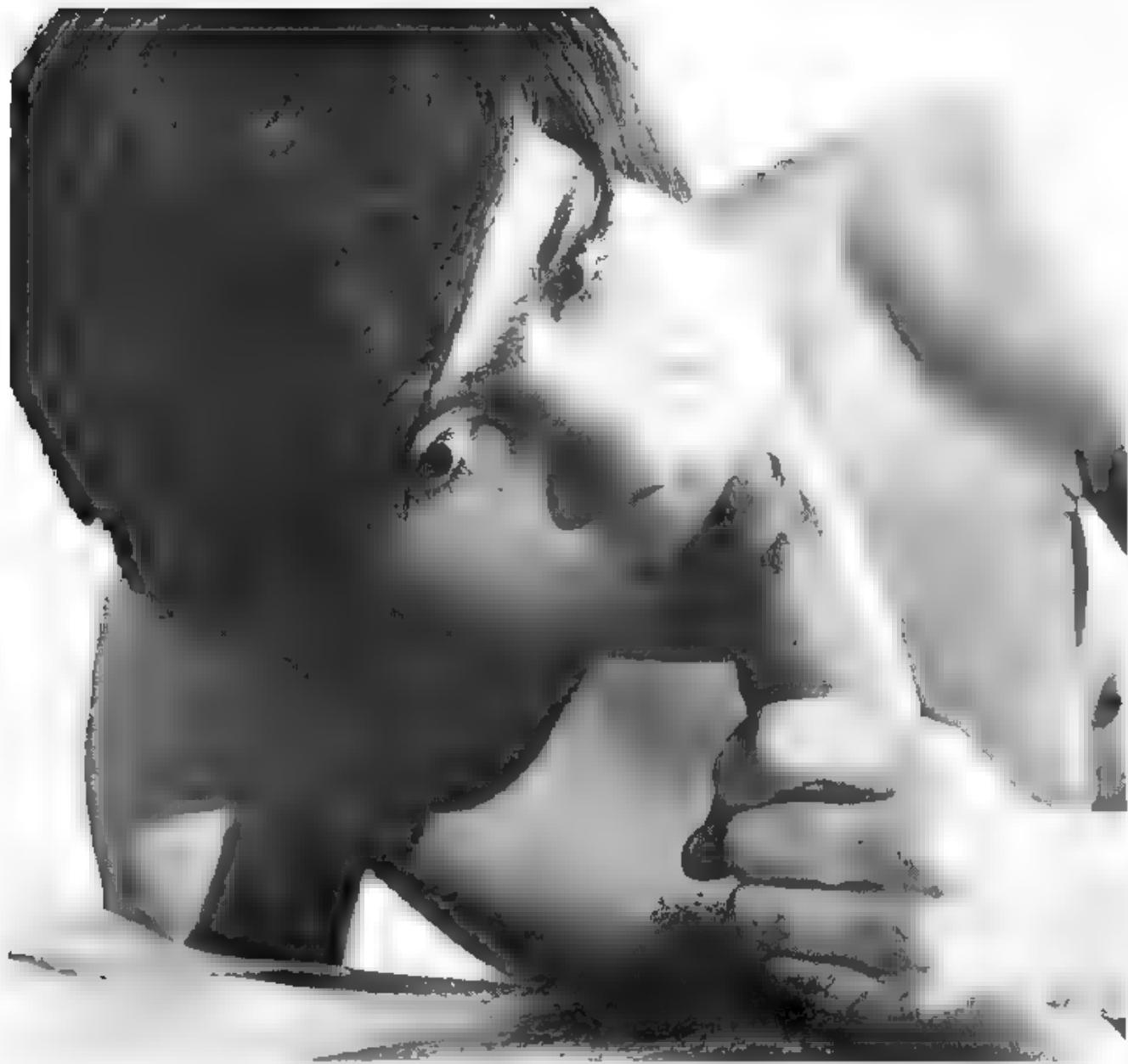










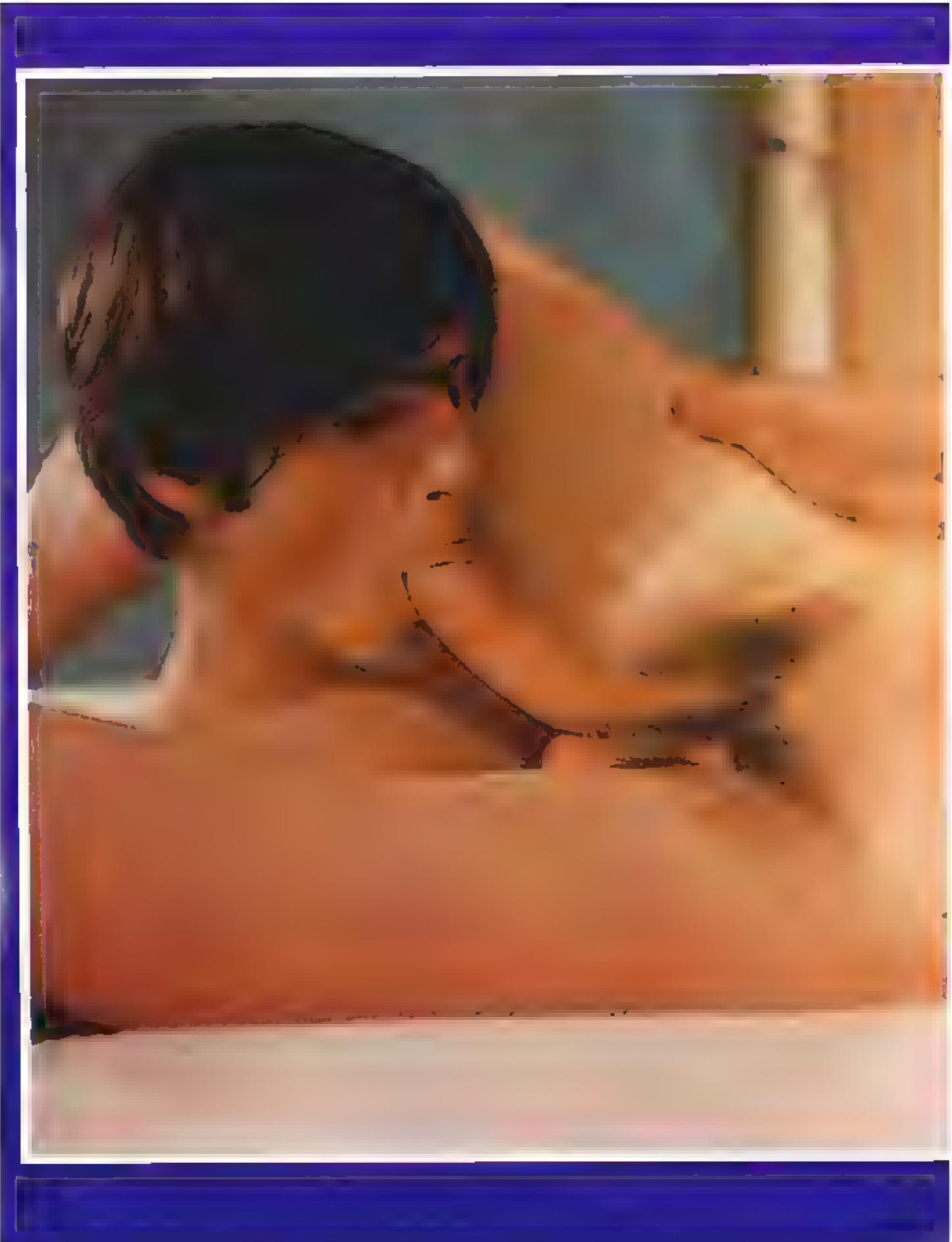


Perhaps its something perverse in my nature, but the harder to get they are, the harder I have to try. There's just something about the chase that really makes it worth while. That's the way I felt about the delivery boy for my local grocer. He looked a little ragged and rough, and very, very straight. Every time he delivered groceries he was very pleasant, but all business. I tried repeatedly to get really friendly with him, but he just always was very pleasant, delivered the groceries and went on to make the rest of his rounds.

I had just about given up on him, if it hadn't been for the very noticeable bulge in his worn Levi's I'd have probably given up all together. But I knew that I just had to make one final try. My big day came late in the afternoon one day. When he came in he looked like he'd been really through it. We talked pleasantly and I found out that it was his last delivery of a very long and hard day. He sat down on my kitchen stool to rest for a minute

























On one of the spur of the moment strokes of genius had a half-galon of milk in my hand. I opened it and suddenly (! I never understand how it happened!!!) I spilled the whole damn thing all over the kid.

I was, of course, full of apology. He was miffed, but very pleasant. He agreed with me that he couldn't possibly leave looking like he'd been rolling in a cat dish. I absolutely insisted that I quickly wash his clothes before he leaves. He was hesitant, but I was very insistent, almost tearing the clothes off his body. When we came to his underwear he got sort of bashful, but undeniably they had also been soaked. I simply grabbed the waste band and started yanking them down, saying, "Nonsense, this is no time to be bashful."

He looked very sheepish standing there nude in my kitchen. But nothing looked sheepish about the chunk of beautiful dick that was swinging between his legs. He must have noticed me staring at him because he said, "I feel really strange standing here nude like this."

I waved his remark off by saying, "Nothing to feel strange about. I'm just very embarrassed at how clumsy I am. If it'd make you feel any better I'll take my clothes off too." Without a moments delay, I started peeling out of my clothes, explaining that as long as I was running a load through the washer I might as well do my own.

If he thought my behaviour was strange, he did a very good job of concealing it. I suggested we sit in the living room and have a drink while the clothes were washing. As I explained to him, it would help him relax from his tough day.

We sat down on the couch as I started a conversation like, "It's about time we got acquainted." I found out that his mother was a widow and he was sending himself through college. He was of Italian decent (as his long hanging member verified).

I asked him if he'd like to see some of my pornography. Without waiting for a response I quickly brought in my stack of "fuck books." He started paging through them dryly, noticing that his dick seemed to be getting longer and as he worked through the stack to where the pictures of gay sex

were located his dick kept getting larger and larger. He started placing the books on his lap apparently to conceal his growing hard on, but kept laying my hand on the books to point out different features.

Finally, when he was changing magazines and his hard dick was exposed, I grabbed it and said, "I see that you've gotten a little out of hand."

He looked really shocked his face flushed red, but he didn't make a move to stop me. Without waiting for an answer I went on, still holding his dick, "I bet you really get a lot of action with this."

He said in a low voice, "Not really."

Then I must have really shocked him when I said



"Well how about some now."

He looked sort of funny and said "Do you have any women in the house?"

I figured I'd gone this far and there was no turning back. Bravely I said, "Who needs women?"

"What do you mean?" he said.

I bluntly asked, "You ever fucked an asshole?"

"Well, no," he said.

"How about now?"

"Who do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that if you're really hard up and you want to fuck a hole I'd be happy to let you fuck me in the ass."

"You mean like in the books?"

"That's what I mean."

"Well, I don't know. I've

never done anything like that before."

Without wasting any more time I quickly dropped down on to his stiff prick taking it into my mouth. I ran my tongue around the swollen head.

I was really a monster of a cock and I was determined to get every bit of action I could out of it. I could tell that I had him hooked because he started moaning. He put his hands on my head and started moving my head up and down on his hard rod. I was afraid that he might go ahead and shoot his load, so I pulled my head off his dick. Without a moments hesitation I moved my body on top of his and started sitting down on the stiff prick. I could feel the Hugh head straining against my puckered ass. I wiggled around and felt the head begin to work its way into the canal. Low moaning sounds began to come from deep in his throat as my ass sunk slowly down covering his delightful appendage.

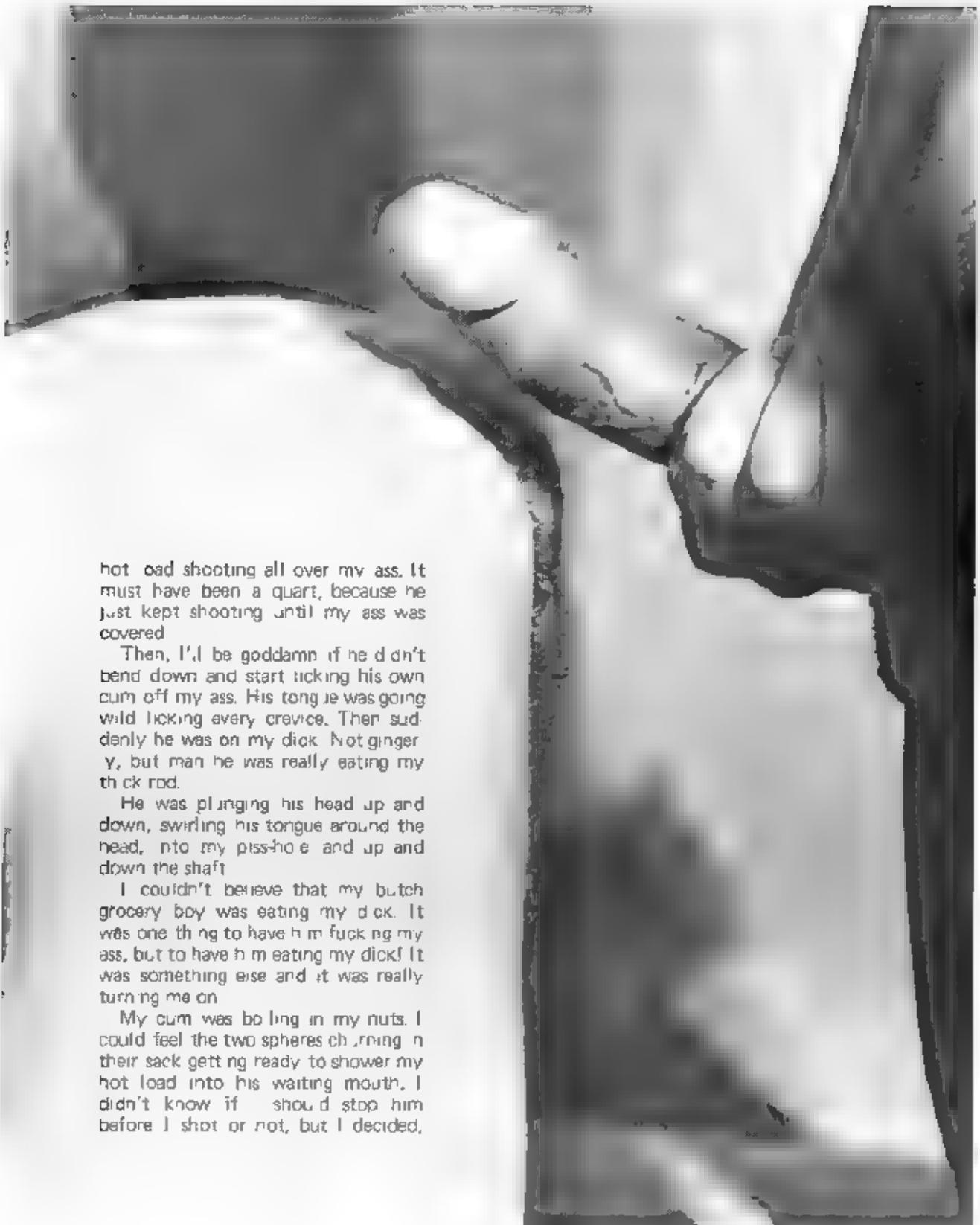
He began to make slow fucking motions. I could feel his dick inching in and out slowly at first, then he began to pick up speed. It was like riding a bronco as he pushed his hips up and then lowered them, pushing my body up and down with each stroke. The action caused his dick to move in all directions inside my ass. I could feel that fantastic Italian dick hitting every place in my ass. My prostate was really getting a real work out.

Suddenly he flipped me over on my back. He may not have ever done anything like that before, but if that was so... he was a natural. He pulled my ass up and really started plugging me. In and out, his dick plunged. I was going out of my mind with ecstasy.

I could tell that he was getting close to cumming as his plunges became harder and faster. He was murmuring, "Oh, God baby, this is fine stuff. I'm gonna shoot my load. Oh, shit, I'm gonna cum."

I guess that he'd become very used to fucking girls without rubbers because he did something that I'd never experienced before. Just as he was ready to shoot he pulled it. That's right, just like I was a girl, he pulled his dick out so I wouldn't get pregnant. It was too much. I could feel his





hot load shooting all over my ass. It must have been a quart, because he just kept shooting until my ass was covered.

Then, I'll be goddamn if he didn't bend down and start licking his own cum off my ass. His tongue was going wild licking every crevice. Then suddenly he was on my dick. Not gingerly, but man he was really eating my thick rod.

He was plunging his head up and down, swirling his tongue around the head, into my piss-hole and up and down the shaft.

I couldn't believe that my bitch grocery boy was eating my dick. It was one thing to have him fucking my ass, but to have him eating my dick! It was something else and it was really turning me on.

My cum was boiling in my nuts. I could feel the two spheres churning in their sack getting ready to shower my hot load into his waiting mouth. I didn't know if I should stop him before I shot or not, but I decided,





what the hell, he obviously liked it. The electric like sensation started building. My load started moving up from my nuts toward his waiting mouth. I could feel the lips of my dick part as my hot cum flowed into his warm mouth. He gagged. I could tell he didn't know what to do as he realized that his mouth was filling up with cum. But it was too late. My dick just kept shooting and shooting. I was watching him to see what he was going to do. Then I could see his throat muscles move and it sounded like a horse drinking water. There was a large gulp and my cum moved down into his stomach.

Time seemed to stand still for a few minutes while we laid there, my dick in his mouth. Then he got up without saying anything and moved toward the bathroom. I could hear the water running and him gurgling. I knew of course that he was rinsing his mouth.

When he came back into the room he looked sort of strange. He said, "guess I ought to be going. Are my clothes about ready?"

I explained that I'd have to put them in the drier, but it would only take a few minutes.

We were both rather silent in the kitchen, but then we began talking again. I suppose that I embarrassed him when I asked, "How did you like it?"

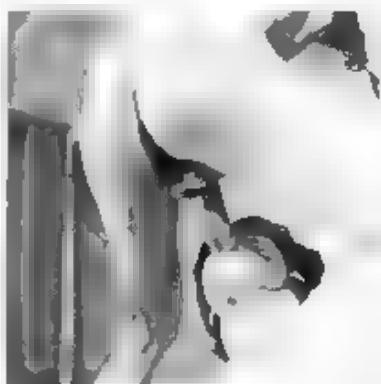
"It was all right." He replied sheepishly.

"Just all right?"

He looked down at the floor and then looked back up at me. "I really liked the screwing and all, but I don't know about the other." Then after a few moments of silence, he said, "Shit, I guess I really liked all of it. Maybe we can do it again sometime."

"Just as the bell on the dryer rang I said, "I think that can be arranged."

That's what I like about catching young virile guys that have never had Gay sex before; they just can't get enough once they've started. Before he had a chance to think about it, I



was down on his dick sucking it to full hardness again. The flaccid meat responded immediately and began to swell. A swirl of my tongue around the engorged head and he was hooked for another run.

His voice was breathy as he moaned, "Oh my God that feels good."

I could feel his hands running over my head, around my neck and down my back. He began running his hands over the cheeks of my ass and then his hands were moving around to cup my hard dick and churning balls.

I decided that it was time to move into step two of my standard process on giving an exhibition of the delights of male-male sex. But this is a move that requires some deftness, fucking a virgin ass-hole. My mouth came off the throbbing meat and started working down toward the churning nuts. I took each nut in my mouth and sucked on it for a few minutes before I continued my licking path toward his tightly puckered hole.

He leaned back against my kitchen table. Without a doubt he was going out of his mind with the new sensation. There were no intelligible sounds coming from his throat, just a series of moans and sobs.

I pushed my tongue hard against the entrance to his anal delights. The muscle ring parted slowly to admit my darting tongue. The inside was smooth and warm. The light odor of the male ass hit my nostrils and served to send me to new heights of erotic feelings.

My cum was boiling in my balls and I knew that the time was coming for the virgin hole to receive its first load of steaming cum.

Suddenly without my touching his dick I felt the sticky substance shoot from his swollen cock spewing his heavy load between our two bodies. His ass tightened and his prostate began pounding against my plunging dick. Instantly my load began its course shooting into the wat canal. He pulled my head down and started kissing me with a force that astounded me. As his tongue swirled in my mouth I knew I had a sex partner that would be around for a long time and ready for whatever action I could give him.





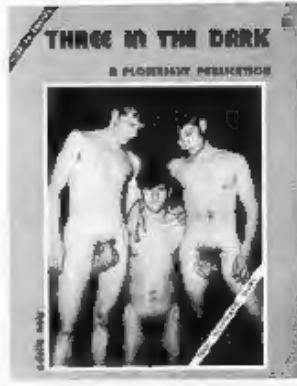












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